

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

For the Week Ending Sept. 19, 1885.

Entered in the Post Office at Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

Our Prohibitory Law.

Our present prohibitory law is a great farce. Every saloon in the state may be closed under it and drugstores as easily substituted. But the party that enacted the law does very little to enforce it. What is done is mostly by those in sympathy with the Prohibition party.

There is but very little to gain by enforcing the law. When the very best is done, there is nothing to prevent any one from filling out an application, saying that he wants so much of a certain kind of liquor for a certain disease, real or imaginary, and there are always enough drugstores to supply the medicine.

No physicians' prescription is needed. Every one is his own doctor, and he can fill up as many applications every day as he wants drinks, and get them every time.

The good, unsuspecting preacher from New York, or somewhere else, comes to Kansas and finds no saloons except in a few towns, which are increasing of late. He writes back to his friends that Prohibition in Kansas is a great thing, and gives the credit to the Republican party.

The St. Louis or Chicago drummer comes here, goes from his hotel to the nearest drugstore, the first thing in the morning, gets a half dozen blank applications calling each for a pint of brandy which he signs when filled out, and these he presents as regularly at that druggist's counter, as he would call at the bar of a Missouri saloon, and gets what he wants in one case as surely as in the other. And this he may do when the law is thoroughly enforced. It could not have been done under the former law. This man writes to his democratic paper that Prohibition in Kansas is a failure, that it does not prohibit, and not all the talk on earth can convince him that the whole thing is not a humbug.

But this is Prohibition as the Republican party has given it to Kansas. The law is a Republican bastard. They are the ones who should take care of it, and Prohibitionists have very little to lose if they let them do it.

Dr. H. J. Canniff of this city, who was made State Organizer by the new Prohibition Central Committee, is succeeding well in raising funds, and if he is properly supported he will do most efficient work. His correspondence shows a general arousing of the people from one end of the state to the other. They say they will see whether Prohibition is to be left out of party platforms. Yes, they will see.

Nearly one half, or over thirty counties in this state now have straight Third Party Prohibition tickets in the field, and conventions are called for as many more. The reports that come from all sides are very encouraging and indicate the most earnest determination to show the politicians that Prohibition will not stay ignored despite all their resolutions, and that not even the State Temperance Union can betray the cause.

The Capital is a great newspaper. When one of the most prominent men of the state, one who has held an important consulate in England for over half a score of years, appointed by President Grant, comes to the capital city to make an address, it says nothing about it. And all because Mr. Branscombe, who voted last year for Blaine and Logan, did not come to make a Republican, but a Third Party Prohibition speech. If the Capital pursues this plan it will cheat its readers out of a great deal of news, for we assure that paper that the pot has hardly begun to boil, while there is lots of dry wood on hand ready for use.

It is a source of trouble to the Capital that Van Bennett does not go over to the democrats. That he should leave that party just as it was coming into power and remain firmly with the Prohibition party, gives the lie to all its predictions about him made last year. Van Bennett and Campbell worked for the State Temperance Union, a non-partisan organization. Bennett did not try to sell it out to the democratic party, and steal the people's money and convert it to the use of that party. But Campbell did it in the interest of the Republican party, and the comparison is very odious. The Capital cannot make a bugaboo out of Bennett.

There are now three tickets in the field in this county—the Democratic, Republican, and Workingman's. The Prohibitionists will also have a ticket in a few days.

The Prohibition meeting at the courthouse last Thursday evening, the first of the campaign, has a deal of significance. The politicians affect to ignore it, but they will come to their senses by and by.

The Republican candidate for county clerk, is a school teacher, and was one of the examiners to determine upon the qualification of teachers. It is not very creditable to the administration of school affairs that one was selected for this purpose who cannot make out the simplest bill of account, but it is less creditable to the Republican party that it selects such a one for such an office as that of county clerk.

The workingmen of this city have brought out a full county ticket and have begun a very active campaign. Their meetings are large and very enthusiastic. They are taking with them a very large part of the colored vote which has heretofore been republican. The result in this county is, therefore, very doubtful. There can be but little choice between the two old tickets.

No reputable man can vote for the Republican candidate for sheriff in this county. If Prohibition Republicans are true to principle he will be overwhelmingly snowed under.

The Republican candidate for county clerk in this county is the only one on the ticket who can be considered half a prohibitionist and no one expects him to be elected. He wasn't nominated for that purpose.

There are on file in the court house certain bills of account against the County of Shawnee, made by the Republican candidate for county clerk that are rare specimens. Nothing can better prove his utter unfitness for the place than these little slips of paper. A man who is to keep the county records, and assist in making up accounts, should at least know how to make out a simple bill. But Mr. Burge is one of the best men on their ticket.

A splendid county convention was held at Lincoln last Saturday, at which M. V. B. Bennett was present and addressed a vast crowd. Lincoln county has been revolutionized since last fall. The Lincoln Beacon, which supported Blaine, has become a powerful advocate of the new party, and is followed by the leading men of the county.

Perhaps those fellows who think the Prohibition Party doesn't amount to much, have never heard of that other fellow who told good old Noah there was going to be nothing but a shower.

All we get in the way of prohibition we get from the Republican Party. So it is said. But how are we to get anything this year with no prohibitionists on the county ticket, and some of the candidates regular drunkards? But we are not apt in replying to conundrums.

The name of the editor of the Ottawa Republican is Sharpe, but he is a very dull newspaperman. His paper was filled with lies in regard to the late Prohibition Convention at Ottawa, that have already begun to re-act. It is not the first time that persons claiming to be sharp prove to be uncommonly stupid.

The Capital was afraid to announce that the Hon. Chas. H. Branscombe had been in this city, and had addressed a Third Party Prohibition meeting at the court house. Mr. Branscombe supported Blaine last year, and as he has been a leading republican in Kansas from the day he traversed its wild prairies seeking a site for the city of Lawrence thirty-one years ago, until last winter, the Capital does not want it known that he has left the old party.

Last year when the Republicans nominated an Anti-Prohibitionist for state Senator in this county, the Prohibition Republicans would not submit, but turned out and nominated another man. This year they have nominated Fuller for Sheriff, who is a confirmed drinker, and far more unfit for Sheriff than Dr. Sheldon was for Senator. But since last year there has been another let-down, and the flat has gone forth, endorsed by the State Temperance Union, that the question of Prohibition is, in no shape, to come up hereafter in state or county politics, and it remains to be seen whether there is independence enough left to bolt the present ticket. We predict it will be bolted on election day if not before.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The site of the city of Boston was sold in 1635 by John Blackstone for thirty pounds.—*Boston Globe.*

—Mexico is making rapid advances in industrial pursuits. She has eighty-seven mills which run 247,894 spindles and 8,745 power looms.

—Australia lost forty-four million dollars from pleuro-pneumonia, introduced by a single cow that was supposed to have recovered.

—Mr. Robert Bonner puts the probable limit of trotting speed at 2:05. He thinks Mand S. may trot between 2:07 and 2:08.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Some genius proposes to bring out a steam roller-skate. It is difficult to see what roller-skates want of steam. They get ahead of the wearer as it is.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Since the Brooklyn bridge opened, May 25, 1883, no less than 26,455,070 people have crossed. The total number of vehicles that have crossed during the same time is 1,306,655.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Joe Blossom, a Florida colored man, left his boot heel in an alligator's mouth the other day, and he says a reptile which can't calculate closer than that ought to go hungry for a month.

—According to some scientists the genuine man lived about three million years ago, and the present generation is composed of a lot of leavings and peelings not worthy of mention in a first reader.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A country place should charm as much by its beauty as by its fruitfulness; should be the abode of intelligence, comfort, and hospitality, as well as of plenty. The glory and pride of an Englishman is in his country home.—*Nashville American.*

—Colonel J. Arroyo Knox, of Texas Siftings, lectured in New York in behalf of the Bartholdi pedestal fund. Among other bright remarks he said: "The English have something which passes current for humor and which is not, I assure you, to be laughed at."

—A clock company at Thomaston, Conn., after making up thirty thousand dollars worth of stock, began putting the movements together only to discover that all of them turned their hands or pointers backwards and were, therefore, worthless.—*Hartford Courant.*

—Two Italians recently arraigned in a Brooklyn court gave their names respectively as Michael Bricks and Joe Kelly. It afterward appeared that the latter was the name of the judge, and the sympathy of the judge, who was an Irishman. Their ruse, however, was not successful.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A Norristown young man, a patron of the rink, sent to Boston for a copy of a "Roller Guide," advertised by a man in that city. He was considerably disgusted when he received the book and found it was a treatise on printers' rollers and roller composition, and not a guide to fancy roller skating.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In the *Aliment and Neurologist*, Dr. Hughes says that cancer is probably as amenable to treatment as any other diathetic condition, but the hope of conquering it lies in recognizing its neuropathic relations and, in early and persistent, vigorous and confident efforts to improve them. The law of resistance to cancerous invasion is in the conservation of energy.

—In a Boston court Judge Allen administered a severe rebuke to clergymen who marry minors without the consent of their parents, the case in hand being a wife deserted by her husband, and she was but fifteen when the clergyman married them. He said that the laws of marriage should be stringent and well enforced if we would check the fearful tide of divorces.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Under Mexican law a creditor can have a debtor arrested on the day when the debt falls due. The prisoner is chained to a post five days, guarded by an officer. At the expiration of the time, if the money is not forthcoming, the man's labor is sold to the Government for forty cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation. The miserable debtor is sent to the silver mines, where he is chained to a gang of felons and compelled to work underground. He sleeps underground and never sees daylight again until he is restored to freedom.

—At a recent sale in London an historical taper sold for thirty dollars. It was declared to be the identical one carried in penance by Henry II. to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral. It was found in the year 1773 in the shrine, and by some means was obtained by Dr. Menish, of Chelmsford, in whose museum it remained for many years, until it passed into the hands of the late owner. Whether it be the identical taper may be a question, but it is remarkable that it should bear the arms of England embossed upon it.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A gentleman writes to the *Washington Star*: "Mr. Francis S. Key, the author of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' wrote two additional verses to Burn's 'John Anderson, my Jo, John, and not remembering having seen them published, I send them to you. Mr. Key wrote in 1842 that there ought to be another verse:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
One day we'll waken there,
Where a brighter morn than ever shone
Our opened eyes shall cheer,
And in fresh youth and beauty
To that blessed land we'll go,
Where we'll live and love forever,
John Anderson, my Jo."

—Governor Warren, of Wyoming, says that woman suffrage has not lowered the character of public officials in that Territory. On the contrary, the women consider much more carefully than men the character of the candidates, and both political parties have found themselves obliged to nominate their best men in order to obtain the support of the women. "As a business man, as a city, county, and Territorial officer, and now as Governor of Wyoming Territory," he adds, "I have seen much of the workings of woman suffrage, but I have yet to hear of the first case of domestic discord growing out of it. Our women nearly all vote, and since, in Wyoming, as elsewhere, the majority of women are good and not bad, the result is good and not bad."

FARM COTTAGES.

Why Farmers Should Provide Pleasant Homes for Their Hired Help.

The custom of boarding and lodging farm laborers in the houses of their employers has always been general in this country, and in the West it is probable that it will long continue. Many farmers who have large estates and employ many men, at least during the summer, do not wish to spare the means to erect cottages to trouble their laborers to keep house. They wish to put all the money they can obtain into stock or farm improvements that will yield an income. They think there is economy in converting the family residence into a boarding house for the men they employ in the fields. It is evident that they do not consult the wishes of their wives and daughters in regard to this matter. The custom of allowing the employes of merchants and mechanics to board in the houses of those for whom they work was long since abandoned in all towns and cities, and it is clearly time that wealthy farmers follow the example of other employers. The lot of a woman who has to do the cooking for a dozen field hands in addition to doing the work for her own family is not to be envied, though her husband is the owner of several sections of improved land.

Farm laborers would be more contented, happy and useful to their employers if they were allowed to live in cottages erected on the estates upon which they work. Men who have families could live with them, while the single men could board with their brother laborers who keep house. They would find congenial society of their own, and have much better means of enjoyment than in the houses of their employers, as it would save much labor and insure privacy. The plan of allowing farm hands to live in cottages, and themselves is common in England, and gives excellent satisfaction to all parties. Quite recently great improvements have been made in the construction of farm cottages, and good results have been reported from them. A correspondent of a London paper recently visited the estate of Lord Tollenmache, aggregating 32,433 acres, and located chiefly in the County of Cheshire. He states that he found marked discontent among the tenants and laborers, and attributed the pleasant condition of affairs to the cottage system, of which he gives the following interesting account:

The cottages, with a few exceptions, have been built near the homestead of the farm upon which the laborers work. The men are thus saved the wearisome journeys to and from which add so greatly to the daily drudgery of most English farm hands. They are able after the day's labor is at an end to attend to their cottage affairs before dark; they are within call in cases of emergency. The farm houses are mostly characterized by picturesque gables of black and white, and the least attractive features of the stockyard are upon a uniform design kept out of sight. A similar principle is adopted with the cottages—neat, substantial little brick buildings, with pigsties and cow-houses in the rear, and a small flower garden in the front. But there is a more important principle than that. To each cottage is allotted three acres of land, sufficient for the maintenance of a cow. One acre must be set apart for haymaking, a quarter of an acre goes for tillage, and the remainder is for pasture. In a few cases a larger piece of grass land supplies pasturage in common for two, three, or more cottages, but as a rule each cottage has its separate allotment of three acres. The advantages of this wise and liberal provision are manifold. The wives and children are furnished with an occupation agreeable in itself, sufficiently remunerative to pay the rent and something more, and serviceably educational for the children. In the quarter of an acre which must be devoted to tillage, potatoes, cabbages, turnips and a bit of grain may be produced—providing all the year round for man and beast. Butter is made every week, generally by the cottager's wife, and this is regularly collected and taken to market by small dealers living upon the estate. These small enterprises in dairying, which is a steady if modest source of income, also enable the people to keep pigs. Many of the cottagers, I found, by good management and superior land, in addition to the milk-giving cows, were able to have a calf about the premises to be reared for sale as a heifer. A cottager's wife pointed out one such animal that had been in her possession for a couple of years, and that was now worth eighteen pounds. Nothing here has to be paid for labor, so that the system is really one of all profit for the cottager. To sum up the position, these fortunate Cheshire agricultural laborers, for a rental of ten pounds or eleven pounds a year, have a good cottage, ample pasturage for a cow, necessary outhouses, milk, and vegetables in abundance for the family, a ready market for the butter made by the wife, and liberty to take their own labor to another farm (still retaining the cottage) if the tenant to whom he is formally attached, can not pay the current rate of wages. I use the phrase "formally attached," because it is understood that the cottager's services, if required, must be given to the farmer near whose house the cottages have been built. Under this happy condition of affairs it need scarcely be said that these Cheshire estates contribute very little to the inconvenient tide of rural emigration which is ever setting toward the big towns. Occasionally a man—I talked with one or two—tempted by what he hears of high wages, forsakes the soil and tries town life, with the result generally of learning before long how great was the boon which he wilfully cast away. So he comes back again at the first opportunity, and it is a happy day for him when he can escape from the disappointing hurly-burly, and find himself once more with his cottage, his garden, his pasture, his cow, and his pigs.—*Chicago Times.*

—The inventor of barbs on fence wire receives a royalty of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GEN. MORGAN'S DEATH.

The Story that has Never Been Told.

The following is clipped from a Greenville (Tenn.) letter to the Nashville Union:

"Another historic spot is the place where Morgan, the gallant Confederate leader, fell on the night of Sept. 4, 1864. It was on the line fronting the elegant residence of Mr. W. D. Williams, who is still a respected and honored citizen of Greenville. Your correspondent asked him the other day to give the particulars of Morgan's death. He replied, with a smile: 'Come around some of these days when both of us are idle and I will put in a couple of days telling it.' He further states that the true facts have never been published, and perhaps they never will be."

While in Greenville last week, though most of the time confined in the court room too closely to attend to outside matters, I essayed a compact and concise reference to the killing of Gen. John H. Morgan, and afterward met Major W. D. Williams, who assured me that the "true facts had never been published and perhaps never would be." I thereupon besought the gallant ex-Confederate (as an eye-witness of the sad event) to render the story in nuggets—to correct whatever of error I had been misled into publishing—and, as the Court House bell was then summoning to the Johnson trial, to please boil it down and let the world have at last an absolutely true story of the important event.

"I can do it," kindly the Major began, "for the true facts have never been published, and perhaps never will be. I was a Confederate soldier myself, and had returned to Greenville just about the time Gen. Morgan came in. It was a very reckless thing in Morgan, and I begged him to bivouac in his camp over the hill yonder, but no, he would stay. I had seen him two or three days before, had overtaken him in fact at Jonesborough—no—it wasn't Jonesborough; it was Bristol. Perhaps between Bristol and Abingdon, Va.—yes, it was in Virginia. Now, to go back to Virginia."

"If you please, Major," I put in impatiently, for the court was already in session: "if you please, let us rather come on to Greenville at a single bound and get exactly how and where Gen. Morgan was killed, without any of the trimming."

"All right, certainly. That's what I'm coming to. Well, I was riding along the road with an old comrade some distance beyond Bristol, and now, what's his name? Oh, yes; Simmons; poor John Simmons. Died in 1874 of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Left a daughter—beautiful girl—who married a Hardshell Baptist preacher, whose sermon on the subject of justification by faith I—"

"Excuse me, Major; let's get on with the Morgan part of the story, or I'll be compelled to leave you in the very midst of it."

"Well, now, don't be so fidgety! That's just the reason the true facts have never been published, and perhaps never will be. You newspaper men all run off before I can get to 'em. But, however, as I was saying, Simmons's daughter, who married the Baptist preacher, was down in South Carolina at the time; her husband had taken her there to get her out of the way of the Yankees. Regular rebel, she was; kin to old Patrick Henry, who once told her grandfather—"

"But for Heaven's sake, let's don't go back beyond the Revolution. Excuse me, my dear Sir, but—"

"All right," interposed the Major, "all right. I'm coming to it! But that was a horrible death Patrick Henry's uncle (who was one of Simmons's daughter's ancestors) died of—it was hydrophobia. I guess it'll make my story somewhat shorter to tell it as I go along. When George Washington was surveying over in Fauquier County, about 10 years before the Revolutionary war broke out, he saw a mad dog break loose in Capt. Gilhooly's back yard, and run into the town and bite a cow, a horse, a dog, and two other gentlemen before—"

"Before thunder," I impolitely ejaculated. "Voorhees will be done speaking before you get as far as Jonesborough with your Morgan story. I'm anxious to get it if—"

"Very well," continued my friend, "very well. It's an important event, as you say, and the true facts in the case have never been published, and perhaps never will be. But I've got 'em; got 'em right at my finger tips—got 'em right in my brain—got 'em." "Good-bye, Major! I believe you! I believe you've got 'em, but I can't wait on you any longer, this time. With your kind permission I'll call on you some day before I leave Greenville—some day, for instance, when you have time to go into the details of Gen. Morgan's assassination. There's a sight more of it than I thought there was. I begin to see now why the world has been in outer darkness on the subject for so many weary years. You are the only man in the United States that knows all about it, and you know so much that it takes a couple of days to tell it. I see now very clearly why the true facts have never been published—and perhaps never will be. Good afternoon, Major!"

"The same to you," politely rejoined the historian. "Don't forget to call."

The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette tells this story of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Whittemore. One Sunday Messrs. Ruggles and Lucas, his sons-in-law, attended his church. Dr. Whittemore never used notes, and on this occasion was very diffuse. When the sermon was about half through Ruggles pulled out his watch. Whittemore saw him and at once stopped. Looking over the pulpit he said: "Young man, you can put that watch back, for you can not by looking at it shorten my sermon one minute." One can imagine the sensation in the audience and the feeling of Ruggles and Lucas. Suffice it to say that they never afterward attended church when they knew their reverend father-in-law was to hold forth.

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the state in which the product is not going to waste.

Hunting Elder Down.

Now that the spring season has begun, writes a Reykjavik, Iceland, correspondent to the New York Sun, there are evidences around that the elder down, harvest is at hand. The men who get the down leave home early in the morning and visit the places to which the elder duck resorts, and each man hunts for the nests. The nests are built in the clefts of the rock, sometimes near the sea, and slippery from the spray; and sometimes very high up, where a false step would be death to the unfortunate man falling down on the jagged rocks below.

The down is plucked from the breasts of the duck by the bird itself, and is used to line the nests for the comfort of the young ones. The hunter robs the bird of all the lining it has provided for the nest, putting it in a bag that he carries along for the purpose, and then goes on and repeats the performance at some other nest. Everything must be done very quietly, for a loud noise frightens the birds, and if frightened away once they will not build there again. There is a law enforced that forbids the discharge of firearms within hearing of the breeding places, and a stranger would probably be mobbed if he disobeyed.

Two crops of down are gathered. The first crop is the best, for the duck uses an abundance of her choicest down in making the lining of her first nest. A short time after the first is gathered the hunters go over the same ground again and rob the nests of their second lining, which consists of all the down the poor duck could rob herself of for her young. This proceeding seems to call out the last energies of the birds, for they then make a new nest, and the drake lines it with his breast feathers. In this nest the young are hatched. The hunters seldom disturb it, for the probabilities are that the pair would go away and never return.

After the down has been gathered, it is taken into a large room in the farmer's house, and each nest for the lining retains the shape of a nest, is placed on top of a primitive arrangement that looks like a harp laid flat, with strings of rubber running across it. The nest is then rubbed over the strings, and the lichen, moss, sticks, chips, and other parts of the frame work of the nest that are mixed with the down fall through to the floor, while the down remains in the operator's hands. The down is then packed and brought to market, and from here shipped to all parts of the world. The color of the down is a surprise to many, for instead of being white, as some people imagine, it is a blue-slate color, glossy and very pretty. An immense amount of it can be crushed into a handful, but it will resume its natural form when released.

The down taken from dead birds is not as good as that from the nests. It is not so light, or so much like floss silk to the touch. Iceland furnishes about seven thousand pounds of the down every year that is of a superior quality.

A Word to Stage Struck Girls.

"Betsey B.," a lady whose literary talent is second to that of but few in America, and who is universally recognized as the brightest dramatic writer west of the Rocky Mountains, is not only a critic, but a motherly adviser. "Betsey B.," otherwise Mrs. Joseph Austin, has, since the San Francisco Argonaut was started ten years ago, been the kindly but dreaded critic of the paper. The goodness of her nature has at last been recognized in the profession in conjunction with the gall of her pen, and "Betsey B." is now well understood. Recently some stage struck girls in New York wrote to Betsey asking, as she puts it, "the advice which no one ever takes, and she says, 'urgently or rather defiantly requesting me to put over my own pen-name what I consider the necessary qualifications for a young girl about to go upon the stage. I make answer: A strong physique; an unimpaired digestion; a slender figure; a marked face; strong features; a carrying voice; a lack of real feeling; and abundance of pretended feeling; much magnetism; great fascination of manner; purity of speech; elocution to a degree; a general knowledge of history; a good general education; a general knowledge of costume; a practical knowledge of the effects of distance; considerable business faculty; unflinching industry; undaunted ambition; an utter lack of sensitiveness; a capacity for taking pains; an absolute and indisputable devotion to the theatre; an unwedded life; an ability to distinguish criticism from abuse of false taste; a readiness to profit thereby; some genius at advertising; a quickness at seizing opportunities; an adeptness of making yourself necessary; a well-defined specialty; a good memory; quick study; good luck; talent.'"

Mr. Duke's Explanation.

It was at a big August meeting in Wake Co., N. C., and there were acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a "manipulated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner. He had just closed by saying, "Moses and the children of Israel crossed over the Red Sea on the ice, but when Faro and his lumberin' big chariots come 'long dey broke true the ice and dey was all drowned," when a young man from town arose and said:

"Brer Dukes, you 'low me to ax you a question?"

"Sartinly; what is it?"

"Well, Brer Dukes, I's bin studdin' geography, an' geography teaches me dat de Red Sea is in de tropicks, an' dat dere ain't no ice in de tropicks. What I want to ax is dis: What dat ice cum from whar Moses crossed ober on?"

Brer Dukes cleared his throat, mopped his brow, hesitated a moment and replied:

"Well, I's glad you ax dat question. It gives me an opportunity to 'plain. My dear young brer, you musn't think 'cause you war 'store close and bin to school dat you know everything. Dis thing I'm preachin' 'bout took place long time ago, 'fore dere was any geography, an' 'fore dere was any tropicks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO ADVERTISE—See our success record in the value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed advertisement will enable you to advertise **JUDICIOUSLY**. **CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where advertising contracts may be made for 1:1 NEW YORK.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

H. J. Canniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North Topeka.

Millinery at your own price at Mrs. Metcalf's. Over 500 hats to be sold out regardless of cost.

We are prepared to do the nearest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in price.

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists in every part of the state to give it a wide circulation.

Scribners Lumber and Log Book, and Fisher's Grain Tables, for 50 cents.

Either one of these books will be mailed post-paid for 30 cents, or the two for 50 cents. Send money to the office of the Spirit.

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

All kinds of Summer Millinery at half price at Mrs. Metcalf's. 239 Kansas Avenue.

We are making prices to close out seasonable goods.

E. A. TART & CO.

Webster's Dictionary Free!

Get our five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One dollar and we will send this paper one year and the dictionary besides.

AGENTS WANTED.

To sell the Best Life of Grant that is to be published in this generation. The uncertainty attending the publication of Grant's Memoirs leaves this work the most important and the nearest to the great soldier that will appear for some time to come.

Ready early in September. Send 80c for canvassing book and begin at once. For circulars and particulars write to us.

We have had our choice for this state of all the "Lives" that are now in press and am sure we have the best. Address G. E. KIMBALL, Topeka, Kansas.

Are You Going South?

If so, it is of great importance to you to be fully informed as to the cheapest, most direct and most pleasant route. You will wish to make your ticket via the route that will subject you to no delays and by which through trains are run. Before you start you should provide yourself with a map and time table of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad (Memphis Short Route South). The only direct route from and via Kansas City to all points in Eastern and Southern Kansas, Southwest Missouri and Texas. Practically the only route from the West to all Southern cities. Enter trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and free Reclining Chair Cars, Kansas City to Memphis through Sleeping Cars, Kansas City to New Orleans. This is the direct route, and many miles the shortest line to Little Rock, Hot Springs, Eureka Springs, Fort Smith, Van Buren, Fayetteville and all points in Arkansas. Send for a large map, send for a copy of the "Missouri and Kansas Farmer," an eight-page illustrated paper, containing full and reliable information in relation to the great states of Missouri and Kansas. Is issued monthly and mailed free. Address

J. E. LOCKWOOD, G. P. & T. A. Kansas City.

PATRONIZE HOME INSTITUTIONS.

The Southern Kansas Railway

IS A KANSAS ROAD.

And is thoroughly identified with the interests and progress of the state of Kansas and its people, and affords its patrons facilities unequalled by any line in eastern and southern Kansas, running through express trains daily between Kansas City and Olathe, Ottawa, Garnett, Iola, Humboldt, Chanute, Cherryvale, Independence, Winfield, Wellington, Harper, Atchita and intermediate points.

Through Mail train daily except Sunday between Kansas City and Wellington, and intermediate stations, making close connections with our trains for Emporia, Burlington, Girard, Walnut, and Coffeyville.

Accommodation Trains daily except Sunday between Kansas City and Olathe and Ottawa. Remember that by purchasing ticket via this line connection is made in the Union depot at Kansas City with through trains to all points, avoiding transfers and changes at way stations. Through Tickets can be purchased via this line at any of the regular Coupon stations, and your baggage checked through to destination East, West, North or South.

Pullman sleepers on all night trains.

For further information see maps and folders or call on or address

S. B. HYNES, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Lawrence, Kan.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE September has an illustrated article on the Crimea, and the mysterious movements of Russia on the Black Sea, at the present after years of quietness. It is worth reading. There is also an account of a lively earthquake at Monterey, and some wild scenes that follow it. There are stories and poems of great merit and some rare wit and humor. It is a good number only \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents single copies. Address Thomas & Talbot, 28 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Why do housekeepers prefer De Land's Soda and Saleratus? Because it is always uniform, free from adulteration, snow white, neatly put up, and is guaranteed the finest make.

GLOVES AND GLOVE FITTING.

Meaning of the Manufacturers' Private Marks—Good Glove Fitters in Demand.

"Why are gloves stamped with various alphabetical letters?" inquired a gentleman the other day as he was being fitted to a pair of gloves. "I observe," he continued, "that there appears to be no regular system in this lettering. Sometimes I notice one letter; sometimes two or three on the inside of gloves. It may be C, or A, or M, or all three, or some other letter. It may appear on the thumb, the back of the glove, on the wrist, or up in the fingers. What is the significance of those cabalistic signs?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the intelligent glove-fitter.

"Those letters," said a young lady, one of the few persons in America, outside of the agents, who understands the glove business, when the question was asked her, "are either the manufacturer's private mark, which is put on all his skins as soon as brought into the factory, or one of the marks which he uses in his establishment to show the grade of the different qualities of skin. Sometimes the buyer for some one manufacturer secures an over-supply of skins. When they are delivered at his factory they are all branded with his private mark. But, as he can not use all, part are disposed of to other makers, who, in turn, put on their own marks as well as those grading the skin. Consequently a pair of gloves frequently have two or three letters on."

"There is no branch of the dry-goods business in which there is more, almost, as much, ignorance among buyers and salesmen as in the glove business," she continued. "I learned all I know of the glove business right here in Chicago in a State street store, and am now employed by an Eastern house at a good salary. I hear considerable talk about the 'under-paid shop-girl.' That may all be very good, but I'll tell you one little fact: A good glove-fitter, one who knows something of her business, can always get a position, and at least a fair, living salary. The trouble is girls will not take the trouble to learn the glove business. It is too hard work—too much like a trade. They think because they stand behind the counter and put on such gloves as a lady selects that they should receive a fine salary, whether they are able to tell a kid from a lamb-skin or not."

"I tell you there are precious few saleswomen behind the glove counters who can tell whether a glove is a genuine French kid or not. A woman who is conversant with her trade, for it is a trade, ought to be able to tell at a glance the size and style of glove a hand requires. There is a continual call for first class glove fitters, and no one to fill the demand. It requires time and work to learn the trade you see. Most girls want to get good pay as soon as they begin to work without waiting to learn how to make their services valuable. I am told there are many girls and women out of work, waiting for and seeking positions. Well, I know that I have been trying my best for the last three weeks to get a first class glove fitter, and have not found one to answer."

"Is it true that better gloves for less money are to be found in the Canadian market than here?"

"I think not. I have bought gloves in Montreal, for which I paid just as high a price as I would for the same grade here. About the same grade of gloves are sold all over. There are times when sales of lamb-skin gloves are made here for fifty cents a pair. But a good glove will command its price. Five large importers in New York supply the American trade. The identical same glove is sold by every first class dry goods house in America, but usually each large establishment puts on its private mark, gives the glove some peculiar name, and brands it as 'our special importation,' or 'our own special make,' when the very same glove from the self-same factory, imported by the same jobber, is being sold next door under a different guise. And there are no secrets about glove making or the marks on gloves, any more than there is in the manufacture of cotton cloths and the lithographed pictures which are pasted on them, but there is a woeful degree of ignorance in regard to the matter."—Chicago News.

A MYSTIFIED SUITOR.

The Advantages of Twinship in a Courtship Campaign.

A young man who was courting a girl who had a twin sister was terribly imposed upon. She went out of town three weeks, and employed her sister as a substitute in the sitting-up-at-night business during her absence. The young man called five times a week, as usual, and didn't leave until after midnight, without detecting the imposition. When he heard of the trick that had been imposed upon him he got mad and broke off the engagement. The twins looked as much alike as two capital P's, and he said that he might be fooled into marrying the one that he didn't love. It was certainly a narrow escape, though, come to think about it, we can't see what difference it would have made as long as ignorance was bliss and the twins didn't object. Having young lady twins in the house is rather a neat arrangement. When a young man is so infatuated that he calls several nights a week they can take turns sitting up with him, and thus look fresh and wide-awake alternately, anyway. No sensible young man should object to such an admirable health-preserving scheme. —Drake's Magazine.

—Could our grandmothers but see the gilded roses and golden rosebuds which adorn the fashionable headgear they would, indeed, think things had changed. In their time gold, tinsel and spangles were considered sacred to the stage, and it was thought the very same of bad taste to wear such things in broad daylight. Nowadays spangles appear on street dresses, glitter on the hairnets with which bonnets are trimmed, and as for tinsel, only a very small proportion of summer bonnets are without it. —Brooklyn Eagle.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Ann M. Sanders, of Custer County, Neb., recently received her commission as Notary Public—the first lady ever appointed in the State.—Chicago Times.

—Charles O'Connor enunciated the principle that "a reporter should get all the news he can and give it to the world, but a lawyer should get all the news he can and keep it to himself."—N. Y. Sun.

—Henry W. Williams, President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is called the most accomplished road-riding wheelman in the country. He has ridden 13,500 miles, 7,500 of which were done without a fall.—Boston Journal.

—There was at least one altogether novel incident in the recent royal visit to Ireland. The honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon the Princess of Wales by the Duke of Abercorn, as Chancellor of the Royal University.

—A little Indian girl named Lucy, afraid of the soldiers is attending the Government Indian School at Hampton, Va. When Lucy grows up she will probably not be so "afraid of the soldiers" as her name would imply.—Chicago Journal.

—Alphonse Daudet, the famous French dramatist, journalist and poet, is forty-five years old. Sir Arthur Sullivan, the eminent English composer, guilty of "Pinafore" and other comic operas, is just two years younger than Daudet, having been born May 13, 1842.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Clara Morris is a Canadian. She was born in Montreal thirty-five years ago. Having lost her father, she became a ballet-girl in the Cleveland Academy of Music in that city at fifteen, to support her mother. She rose so rapidly in her profession that at nineteen she was leading lady in one of the Cincinnati theaters. The year following she was engaged at Daly's.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Edwin E. Curtis, of Meriden, Conn., left forty thousand dollars to St. Andrew's Episcopal Church of that town, "provided the church building shall never be moved further to the west." One of the papers left by Mr. Curtis shows a contract with a Meriden doctor for a regular daily call at one dollar per day, whether he was sick or well. This contract covers the last four years of his life.—Hartford Post.

—Dr. John J. Moran attended Edgar Allen Poe in his dying moments. He now writes that the habit of intemperance did, to some extent, cloud the poet's early life, but not his later years. Poe's constitution was such that he could not become a dram drinker, and for four years previous to his death he was perfectly temperate. His death was caused by ill treatment and exposure suffered from a party of Baltimore roughs, who caught him, cooped him up, drugged him and voted him during an exciting election. In attending him during his last illness Dr. Moran says that his patient gave no signs of a debauch. He refused a glass of spirits the day before he died.—Baltimore American.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—It takes the French to appreciate Shakespeare. The passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mlle. Frailty is the name of the lady."

—The hurling of an egg in the direction of his royal Highness in Cork was plainly an attempt by the Irish to throw off the yolk.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Teacher: "For what purpose was man given his different senses? Why are we given eyes?" Dull boy, at the foot of the class: "To shut 'em when we go to sleep."

—Doctors say drinking too much coffee makes bald heads. Telling the female head of the house, that her coffee is "nothing but slops" will also do it.—Chicago Tribune.

—Father (with a frown): "Now, Johnny, you're really the worst boy I know, you really are. What shall I do with this cane?" (Johnny dodging): "Go a-walking with it, sir; it's a walking stick."

—The funny man of the New York Times is mentioned for a Consulship. For a man who likes to stay at home, writing humorous matter is dangerous business. His friends are almost sure to get him a Consulship in some distant clime.—Philadelphia Call.

—Inquisitive boy: "Papa, what is the meaning of 'Tra-la-la' in the song I am learning?" Fond father (perplexed for a moment, but recovering): "It means, my son, the same as 'Fold-rol-lol' in the other song you have already learned."—Golden Days.

—Paragraphs are floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We suppose every one of the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease.—Norristown Herald.

—The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French Major in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured both the Colonel and the Lieutenant-Colonel, whose places were then filled by the good Major.—Exchange.

—These are the times spoken of in the Scriptures, Ichabod, said Hannah Smiley, solemnly, as she picked up the stitches she had dropped. "Wars and rumors of wars, and—'Same old times, Ichabod,'" replied Ichabod, cheerily. "It's always been so, ever since I was a boy. I don't see anything new in the situation." "Well, you're as blind as an old bat, Ichabod, Smiley. Why, England's got the Sudan, and Russia at Penjdeh, and Riel in the Northwest, and—'Yes, of course, I know all that, but that doesn't signify. Riel may Winnipeg or two, the Mahdi may Souakim one, and the Russians may ravel the fringe out of the Afghan—' Just then the old lady came in with a wet cloth and bathed Ichabod's head, or there is no knowing where he would have brought up.—Hartford Post.

HIS FOOTSTEPS.

Warily Waited for, Ardently Longed for, They Came at Last.

Step! step! step! It was his footsteps—her lovers'. The echo might have been lost to you or I in the rumble of traffic, but to her—never. To you or me all footsteps might have sounded alike. To her there was as much difference as in the sound of human voices. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the months passed by.

Step! step! step! But the footsteps—her husband's. The echo became a part of her daily existence. To listen for it became one of the objects of her life. When the echo caught her ear a smile flitted across her face, her eyes grew brighter, and a wife's kiss was on her lips. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the years passed away.

Step! Step!—But the footsteps had ceased, and the echoes had died away forever. They bore him away to sleep with the numberless dead, and she was a widow from whom the sunshine had gone forever. She wept and grieved and—listened.

Step! Step! step!—How her heart throbbed for an instant! So much like his, and yet she knew that he slept beneath the willow. Not once, but a dozen times a day she felt her heart stop at the beating of the echo of a footstep caught her ear. And she waited and listened, and the echoes came and went, and she whispered to herself:

"Some day I shall again hear his footstep and know that he has come." The years went by, and a gray-haired woman looked out upon the setting sun and knew that it was her last night on earth. Friends wept at her bedside—she had no tears. They spoke to her in tearful tones—she made no answer. She seemed waiting and listening, and of a sudden, as the first shadows of twilight began stealing into her room, she whispered:

"Hark! I hear it!"

Step! step! step! "It is his footstep—I feel the echo in my heart! He has come back to me—my husband!" All listened as they kept their eyes fixed upon the dying woman's face. Step! step! The echo brought the old, wifely smile to her face. Step! step! Her face grew radiant at the thought of the coming. Step! step! The echo gave her strength to rise up and stretch forth her arms as if to clasp some one, and as she sank slowly back they heard her whisper:

"I knew his footsteps—he has come at last!"

But it was that he might guide her safely through the valley of the shadow.

—Detroit Free Press.

"WORTH WHILE."

Whatever Is Worth Doing at All, Is Worth Doing Well.

Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech the other day to an assembly of lords of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said; "whether you sharpen your pencil or black your boots, do it thoroughly and well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied: "My men of genius have written worse scrawl than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as it "was not worth while to go so far expressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply. That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could of have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the mortar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in sight, knowing that he alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the service.

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young Prince's advice to the lads of his own age.

Whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh our duties or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.—Youth's Companion.

Creating a Coolness.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of your husband."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you. I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

"Yes, my dear," put in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"

"No, nor but—"

"Do you remember our parting? O, how sad!"

"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we plighted our troth. I give it to you because—"

"Why, John! I declare. If it isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1865."

There's a coolness among the three now.—Merchant Traveler.

FOUL CELLAR GASES.

Methods That May Be Relied Upon to Secure Purity.

Ordinarily, those who are intelligent and thoughtful will have looked after the cellar, removing decayed vegetables and the like, early in the season. Indeed, most of this class will wish to ventilate the cellar often during the winter, that the gas which flows down from the sleeping apartments, etc., may be removed about as fast as it accumulates.

It should be remembered that breathing and combustion, as well as fermentation, putrefaction and decay, evolve this deadly gas, which is heavier than the atmosphere, flowing like water, into the lower rooms and cellar, there to be disposed of in the best possible way, or it will prove a source of harm to the family. At this season of the year, when the usual warm weather materializes, these gases are rapidly emitted, and in their most deadly forms directly producing croup, diphtheria, fevers, malaria, and later in the season, aided by green fruits and vegetables, it may be, the dreaded cholera. As strange as it may seem, in Massachusetts, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, cellars may be still found that have received no special attention up to this time, cellars which have never been cleaned. It may be for years! We should not be surprised to learn that there are cases of sickness most of the time, not as the result of a mysterious dispensation of "Divine Providence," but of a want of decent cleanliness—"next to godliness." If we attempt to make a trip to such a room, noisance we shall find it needful to take a light for there is not a single window—darkness and filth prevailing. The head may scarcely reach the upper stratum of the so-called air of this place, where the most of the family food is kept, before a tingling sensation in the nasal passages and throat will convince us that there is ammonia here.

A little farther on we are reminded of the odor of very stale eggs, and we feel sure that sulphuretted hydrogen gas has in some way found its way here, while the dimness of the light of the lamp indicates the presence of no small amount of carbonic acid gas! Where shall we find the sources of these deadly gases? On our right a part of a barrel of decayed apples may be found, left in the early part of the winter, when the best ones were used in cooking, while on the left is a quantity of potatoes, in a similar plight, a heap of decaying cabbages, turnips, beets, etc., saturated with filth. In other parts are pieces of mouldy bread and cake overlooked months since—bones and pieces of stale meats, taken out of the pork barrel last fall, the remains of a few rats, poisoned soon after they came in the cellar in the fall, all in the active process of decay and putrefaction, filling the cellar with the seeds of disease and death! Yet, here in this pest-rail, this poisonous, crowded, filthy place, the family milk and cream are kept, the bread, cake, cooked meats, puddings, even the more liquid foods, those more easily absorbing these foul gases, the family literally living (sickening and dying) on filthy and poisonous foods, wondering perhaps why they should be so fearfully cursed by a bad climate and fickle weather.

What shall be done? Prepare a place for at least two windows, and open the doors on the first windy day, allowing the pure air to rush through for two days, when it may be safe for the men to commence a general renovation, with hoes, shovels, rakes, removing everything, that the light of the sun may scatter the foul gases, every box, barrel and dish to be thoroughly aired. The scrapings from the bottom will make excellent fertilizing garden materials, while the older and more filthy boxes, etc., may be burned. Then the walls, posts, all should be thoroughly whitewashed twice, the beautiful alabaster serving a similar purpose in the upper part of the house. The bucket of whitewash serving a good purpose, occasionally changed, kept in the cellar all times, as a means of keeping it pure, absorbing these gases. Pure and free air, by the great law of diffusion, serving to attenuate and dilute foul gases, robbing them of their potency, the light of the sun, and whitewash or slacked lime in the cellar are the more valuable and cheap means of securing purity on favorable terms.—Golden Rule.

PERSIAN POETRY.

Its Characteristics Pointed Out and Their Relations.

Persian poetry had its birth in a country conspicuous for natural advantages; a country distinguished for the mildness of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains; a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened by the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, where the palms of the South met the pines of the North, was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree ingenuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired a reputation as a people of taste, invention and artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and rarest carpets and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The art newly discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations, producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. The very figures of floor cloth on which the Shah Mahmoud walked in the tenth century, the shawl patterns that adorned the heroines of Jamid of Hafiz are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day. In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the middle ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities showed splendid palaces, filled with gems of art and sparkling with jewels, and stately mosques with white or azure domes.—North American Review.

TELEGRAPHERS' PARALYSIS.

A New York Operator's Theory of the Cause of the Disease.

A majority of telegraph operators sooner or later become "paralyzed." There seems to be no specific cause for the complaint, though it is generally attributed to overwork. It certainly can not be due to dissipation alone, as there are hundreds of cases where men who have been hard drinkers for many years still rank as experts in the profession, while on the other hand men who have led a strictly moral and temperate life have lost entire use of their arms after a comparatively short experience in the business. Nor does disease—nervous or otherwise—seem to be the prime factor, as it is very common to see a strong, robust man suffering from it. It is a fact that many operators have been troubled with it from the moment they commenced to learn, and there is no doubt that it has prevented many from becoming "first-class" operators. It has been said that paralysis is the cause of many of the blunders made by good men. To a certain extent this is surely true. It must be understood that the so-called paralysis from which operators suffer is really a weakness of the muscles and nerves, generally from the elbow to the ends of the fingers. In its early stages it takes the form of cramps, causing great pain in the wrist and hand, or a numbness of feeling such as one feels from bad circulation of the blood. It gradually develops until the fingers seem to lose the sense of touch, and, without warning, they will "flip up" and utterly refuse to be governed by the mind. Now, if these paroxysms should occur very often while an operator is being "rushed," it is bound to cause him a great deal of annoyance. He will get behind, say ten or fifteen words, and if he has the reputation of being a good man his pride will keep him at it until the sender is finally so far ahead that he is compelled to open the key. In the meantime he has possibly left a word or two false, one, which, if he is careful, can be corrected, but the sender is impatient by the time he has "caught up," and he casts but a rapid glance over his copy and commences the struggle once more. Thus, through inability to form the letters and words as fast as he formerly did, he makes errors unconsciously, through getting behind, while at the same time giving the work his entire attention. The only remedy for him is to "break, break, break," or take some second-class wire, with a reduction of wages and a loss of his professional reputation as a "fast one." This is a hard thing to do, and many a man is to-day called "first-class" who has seen his best days as an operator.

There is another reason why first-class men make errors. Although the words are sent letter by letter, the operator receives them apparently in their complete form, and frequently having several words in his head at one time. Through the loss of sensitiveness in his fingers he is unable to form the characters with his former ease and precision, and will very often change the word entirely by the substitution or omission of a letter. For instance, "thing" will be made to read "think," "bought" for "bought," and other common errors. Of course, the misspelling of words is mostly caused through ignorance, but cases of this kind occur where the men have had long experience and are well educated. The most common reason why first-class men make errors is that they are generally overworked. After working hard for seven or eight hours, if they are partially paralyzed, their arms become heavy and tired, and no doubt the brain is also affected. Every word is put down with an effort, and it is a wonder there are not more mistakes than usually occur.—Cor. Chicago News.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Conditions Likely to Make It the Great Winter Sanatorium of the United States.

From my own observations, and from inquiries made on the spot, I am of opinion that the Yellowstone National Park possesses, in a high degree, all these essential conditions. In elevation above the sea it surpasses Davos; the great plateau of the park is between seven and eight thousand feet above sea-level, while it is stated that not one of the narrow valleys dips below six thousand feet. The mountain ranges, partly surrounding and partly within the park, rise to heights of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. I should anticipate, therefore, that all the advantages which, as a winter resort for invalids, Davos possesses from its elevated position, would be enjoyed even in a greater degree in the Yellowstone Park. The period of permanent snow is longer, so that invalids could remain there probably until the end of April, whereas the melting of the snow generally compels them to leave Davos early in March, when the climate of the valleys is peculiarly unfavorable for chest complaints. It is to be expected, from its greater elevation, that a still clearer sky and a larger proportion of sunny days would be experienced in the Yellowstone Park, while the wholesomeness of the air would be still more marked, owing to its comparatively greater freedom from zymotic matter.—Prof. Edward Frankland, in Popular Science Monthly.

—A lady in Brunswick, Ga., found a nest of half grown mocking birds in her yard recently. She succeeded in capturing them. They were put in a temporary cage, and the cage put in a room. During the day the mother bird flew into the room and was readily caught and placed in the cage with the brood. She began instantly to feed them with the food which was in the cage, and did not seem to notice the imprisonment. On the day following the male bird flew into the room, and offered no resistance nor showed any signs of flight when the lady captured him. He was put into the same cage, and the lady now has the entire family. They seem contented and happy.—Pittsburgh Post.

